

Prideful Glamourama

Shake up your sexy potentiality and highlight your power with
elegancy!

The Temptation of Natural

Pink

Zine creator: Cheryl Dobinson
cjdobins@yorku.ca

The Other Lover

我這麻空見惡



The Fence

a new place of power for
bisexual women

volume 1



what's in a name

cjdohins: so i'm mostly ready to talk about the zine but I haven't come up with a title yet! The two I have been entertaining are "The Fence" or "When Good Girls Go Bi" But I'm not sure if I like either of them enough to commit. What are your thoughts?

gddsaphrodite: hummm, i think the fence is funny, but would probably get people's backs up. The second one may imply that bi girls are bad. Which, isn't a bad thing, but still. However, i do like them both.

cjdohins: I've always been fond of "The Fence" and could maybe put a subtitle that would make it clear that it is bi positive. Something about the Fence being a place of power, or bi women reclaiming the fence as a place outside both straight and lesbian culture

gddsaphrodite: that's awesome
gddsaphrodite: and that is something that could be an article too, how you came up with the name

cjdohins: So I think I might go with the fence. The only stickler then is why is this about bi women only? My original idea was for a magazine for bi men and women that would be called "The Fence" but lately I've been thinking that I'd rather do a bi women's zine, for now at least. Don't want to deal with boy issues at the moment!!!

gddsaphrodite: then make the first couple of issues women only and eventually maybe incorporate the men into it

cjdohins: I think if I started it as women only I would probably want to keep it that way. That's my thoughts for now. a 3rd wave feminist bi women's zine.

gddsaphrodite: i like the idea of a women's bi zine
gddsaphrodite: the point is that you are starting out with an idea, keeping it open so that should you change your mind it's still cool.

cjdohins: I like the idea of the fence b/c calling us fencesitters or saying we can't decide is used in such a derisive way. So I would want to say that the fence is a good place. That it allows for a special point of view on all things, gay and straight. That it's a place we can reclaim in this positive way and speak from as bi women (this is me rambling now....)

cjdohins: Do you think there is any similar stereotype to the Fence that applies more specifically to bi women? That's the only thing that is sort of bothering me now... or do you think that call it the Fence and having it be about women only is not an issue?

gddsaphrodite: no, i think that's fine.

cjdohins: The Fence - For Women Who have Decided to stay there!!

gddsaphrodite: that's fabulous!

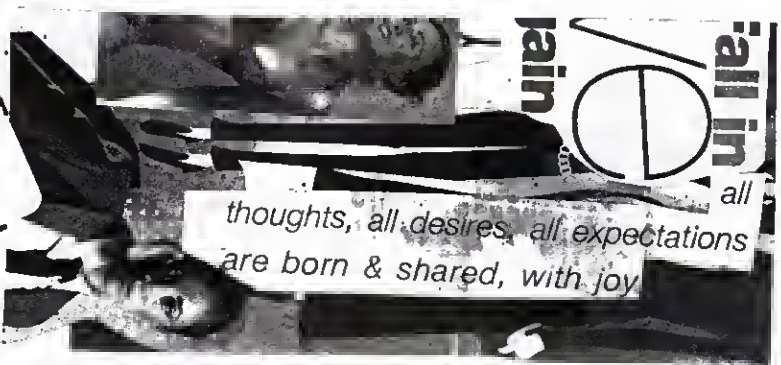
Calling bisexuals 'fencesitters' has been a way of marginalizing us, of placing us outside gay/lesbian and straight cultures by saying that we haven't made a decision about our sexuality. "The Fence" is all about bisexual women reclaiming this position and speaking from our unique viewpoints that traverse straight and gay/lesbian cultures, but also allow us to have spaces of our own. "The Fence" can be a positive and powerful place, and this zine is for the women who have decided to stay there!!



Cover artwork by Mia Jennings



Back cover collage by Anj Ryan



need to say, the zillion times we each understood the other without having to explain further. Almost everything we told each other ended in a laugh and the words, "Of course." Over that first night together there was firelight, music, talk, pain, extraordinary sex, tenderness and a sense of coming home. She fell asleep with her hand on my face and I was in bliss.

A few nights later we played again at a fetish night. This time she wanted to talk after we played and I was happy to do that. We really hadn't talked all that much and feelings were developing. I feared that she didn't but in my heart I knew she did. I knew this connection was so strong that it was impossible for her not to feel it. How could she not feel as I did? She pulled up her courage to tell me she loved me. We spent that whole night just talking and touching and affirming our feelings for each other.

After that night we've barely been apart. The connection between us has deepened until it's immutable fact. We don't just belong together, we ARE together. We are each other. We complete each other. She really is the female Partner I've always sought. Even more, this experience of love is so intense that both of us are totally encompassed in it. Neither of us has ever experienced anything of this strength, beauty, reality and intensity before.

Several months after our relationship began her relationship with her Master dissolved, but not until she fought bravely to keep it. But she doesn't expect me to leave my husband... doesn't want me to do that. She knows how good he is and how wonderful my relationship with him is. The is polyamory as I always hoped it would be. We both like to play with others when we can and neither of us is jealous of the other's fun and frolic. We both have busy and hectic lives filled with community activism (her in the BDSM community, me in the queer community), social schedules, friendships, and a whole raft of other things.

But as busy as we both are, and keeping in mind that we live in separate places (she works and lives 90 minutes away from Toronto, where I live), we spend whatever nearly every night together. She makes time for me. I make time for her. We can't get enough of each other.

And the communication... it's so real. We can talk about our feelings openly, truthfully and without fear of sounding silly or scaring each other away. I've told her I've always wanted a partner on par with my husband... a wife or whatever you might want to call it. And she

gets that. She understands it. She wants it too. Of course she does. Our wants and needs are the same. Our feelings are the same.

Of course, there are things about which we differ. She believes in hunting for food and guns and she's much more athletic than I am and more analytical. I'm a pacifist afraid of guns and rather lazy, easy-going and more intuitive. But I think in some ways as tough as she is on the exterior she is softer than I am on the inside because life hasn't toughened her as much. I'm glad of that. She's the butchy version of me. I'm the more femmy version of her.

In telling my friends about the happiness I've found their reactions are quite interesting. Some don't want to hear it because it's too painful to hear of someone else's happiness. Some caution me against letting myself feel too deeply. Some are tremendously happy for me and even go so far as to say I deserve it, although it's hard to imagine how I deserve to be this incredibly happy.

I know there are people who feel I'm greedy to want to have a husband and a wife. There are people who feel it's wrong to love more than one person at a time. There are people who will insist that over time I'll choose her over him or him over her and that two primary relationships can never survive on par. There may even be people who cannot abide my happiness because it's not their own. That's not my problem. That's theirs.

In mid-June, just before Pride, I had the joy of being handfasted (married) to the woman of my dreams. We're married for a year and hope to have a permanent wedding next year. It may not be legal (not just because of the same-sex thing, but the whole bigamy matter as well), but it's just as real to both of us. We both feel we're living in a beautiful dream.

So for now, I'll bask warmly in this happiness and sense of completeness, satisfied in my ultimate conviction that lightning can strike twice after all.

Q + A

Why is it a good idea to have a bi women's zine?

Cuz I wanna do it, biphobia, esp from lesbians, made it hard for me to see bisexuality as an option when I first came out, and bi women are definitely not adequately represented in queer or straight culture

Also - to educate and inform, entertain and provoke, to share our experiences and opinions about being bi women. We have things to say! Cuz bi girls rock! We need some spaces for our own voices, unapologetic, no need to explain that bi is queer.

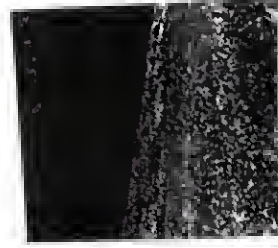
I've become very empowered through being involved in the bi community in Toronto, esp. the bi women's community. So I see this partially as a way of helping to build the community and connections that I'd like to see.

Why is this different from a dyke zine?

We bi girls have our own issues - biphobia in some dyke culture, specific assumptions and stereotypes about bi women that need to be challenged, and b/c or involvement or possible involvement with men in romantic or sexual ways is not going to be part of lesbian culture and experience.



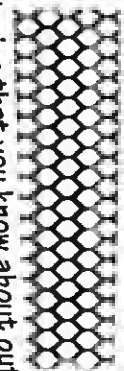
Photo: by Rainbow, of Tree



A Salute to Vibrators by Kathleen Kuhn

Women everywhere are secretly buzzing away behind closed doors. Even hot babes with partners, I know, are getting a little extra satisfaction via their handheld joy toys. I read somewhere we are in the middle of a "vibrator boom". Sales of vibrators have doubled since 1997 according to a 1999 article I read. I wonder if "Good for Her", "Lovecraft", or "Come as You Are" are seeing similar sales activity? I know my trips to the toyshops have doubled since my first purchase...and I don't mean Toys R Us, girls.

I wasn't surprised when I read on the Internet that genital stimulation was prescribed as a cure for female hysteria - now known as plain old sexual frustration- so frequently in the 19th century that doctors couldn't keep up with patient demand. Tired fingers and overworked wrists motivated doctors to invent "the sexiest labour-saving device in history" - the vibrator. The practice of selling vibrators as medical aids petered out around the 1920's and little was seen or heard of them till the 1960's when they re-emerged as the titillating sex toys they had been all along.



Just think of the scores of stories that you know about outrageous vibrator confessions...like the time the deliverymen came to deliver my friend's new couch, only to find her 2 missing vibrators on the floor behind the old couch...or the time my friend's partner's mom found a strap-on in her partner's closet which prompted her to defend herself by stating, "that's not mine, mom, that's Natalie's."



Ironically, the fact that vibrators have now become more popular does not mean you can leave your multi-speed, waterproof vibrator in the shower stall or toss your G-spot probe into your see - through handbag. Even women, who use a pleasure toy daily, prefer to keep their sex toys tucked safely out of sight. When it is just my friends and I talking about our little joy toys and our personal experiences, there are hardly any hang-ups to be seen. We are a very open crowd and are comfortable with talking about our bodies, our sexuality, and our pleasurable, or not so pleasurable, experiences. The Internet and stores like "Good for her" or "Come as You Are" provide more tips on how to enhance your pleasure with a vibrator. For example, my friend Dana and I were in Boston attending a "Safe Sex for Bisexuals" workshop. Afterwards, we were taken to the most popular toy store in town!

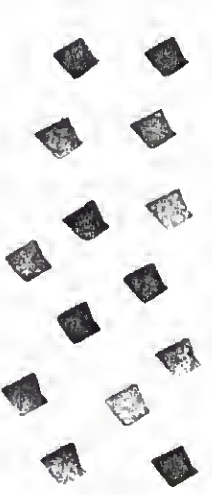


was tangible. We touched for the first time, holding hands at the table. After we left the restaurant she kissed me for the first time. Her kiss was incredible.

We went to a fetish night in which the theme was angels and devils. I dressed in white as an angel with wings and she tried to look like a devil, but she didn't bother with horns so most people couldn't tell. I didn't care. I was too excited about the evening to come to care. My heart was racing. I was riding the moment.

Once we got there our hands, eyes and lips never strayed far from one another. We were locked in each other and neither of us wanted escape. The connection was extremely strong. Stronger than I've ever felt with any other person. We played in the public play area. The play was absolutely spectacular... just the right amount of pain, fear, gentleness, kissing, and she was able to read my body and its reactions. I didn't want to end the play but I knew we would have to at some point. I was flying so high after that, my legs all jelly-like and my heart pounding. It all just felt RIGHT.

We couldn't engage in sexual play at the fetish night because she was giving people rides home. All we could do to end the evening was dance, kiss and hold each other. We both wanted more but we couldn't have it. We agreed that we'd try to get together alone very soon. The night ended with both of us wanting more of each other. The opportunity to have that came just over one week later.



There was a BDSM munch (a social gathering at a restaurant where there is no play) in Waterloo (about 75 minutes from where I live), where her Master (and partner) lives. She invited me to come along and stay overnight. I was a little nervous but my excitement was palpable. I could barely wait for the day to come. Then she walked into the restaurant and I just melted into her. After spending some social time meeting people she knows, we left to go to her Master's place, where we were to spend the night.

The connection we felt on the night we played together was immediately restored once we were alone. The more we played, talked and had (gloriously fantastic) sex the more it felt right. The more it seemed that we belonged together.

The realization slowly dawned on us that we are really almost the same. Almost everything about us is the same right down to the size of our hands, the smell and taste of our excitement, the way we speak, the things we don't

Photo of Rainbow.



Lightening Does Strike Twice

By Dana Shaw

I've been looking all my adult life for a female partner to go with my male one. A wife to complement my husband. Looking for completion of my desire to be with a man and a woman in parallel primary relationships. I've felt like my search was fruitless and my hopes were raised and dashed over and over.

I wondered if it was too much to wish and hope for. I was told I was greedy to want both or that it would never happen. I was told to be grateful for having found the husband I have, who is wonderful and whom I wouldn't give up for the world. I was told I was seeking the impossible.

I've found what I was looking for at last and I'm deliciously happy.

I met her, interestingly enough, when I was on TalkTV (a national talk-only station) doing a live panel discussion on BDSM. One of the male panelists had brought his submissive and partner with him and company. At some point during a break I mentioned I was a bi switch (someone who plays both the top and bottom role). She enthusiastically stood up and raised her hand and said, "Me too!" Our eyes met and I noticed hers sparkled.

After the show was over we all packed up our things to take off and I got to talk to her a bit more. She gave me her business card and invited me to email her. I did likewise. That was in early November.

In mid-December we finally managed to set up a time to get together over dinner and talk. At this point it was all in a BDSM play context. Talk over dinner showed how much in common we had... our views of sexuality, of play, of desire, of feminism and community. We agreed that she would Top me as I'd had scant opportunity to bottom for years and she understood how much I missed that. A connection was definitely building. But I moved with caution. I'd been burned so many times. I took the moment for what it was... the opportunity to play and nothing more. I set aside any other expectations so I wouldn't get hurt.

Holidays and busy schedules got in the way so it wasn't until late January that we got together for our first opportunity to play. First we went for dinner at a nearby restaurant and the connection was electric. She knew exactly what I was feeling. I could tell. Her excitement



artwork by Mia Jennings

There we found it ...I get shivers up my spine just thinking about it....can I say it without my teeth chattering?? The Magic Wand! I will allow a moment for applause for this item, as I am sure many of you girls can understand my appreciation for this device. Let's just say the orgasms are multiple. Well, shortly afterwards, I attended a workshop at "Good for Her" about women pleasuring women. Midway between the presentation of strap-ons, dildos, and nipple clamps, there it was, the magic wand. Not only did the Instructor show us the different ways to use the wand but also to my amazement and wholehearted appreciation, the Instructor produced attachments to put on the magic wand! Needless to

say my friends had to organize an intervention much like the one the girls on "Sex in the City" had to do for poor Charlotte when Miranda introduced her to "the rabbit".

Now if there are a few of you girls out there still too shy to go and get a vibrator of your own, don't think you will have to do without. There are many sex toys around your house you probably never thought about. Remember, "anything used to heighten the 5 senses" can be considered a sex toy. Here are some popular suggestions:

Jump into a bathtub scented with fragrant oils and use the detachable showerhead or Jacuzzi jets.

Lick champagne off your partner (and be licked in return!), and then use the empty bottle as a dildo.

Tickle your partner with a feather.

Use ice cubes to caress your body.

Incense - my favourite is lavender! Try black licorise for girls or pumpkin scents for boys.

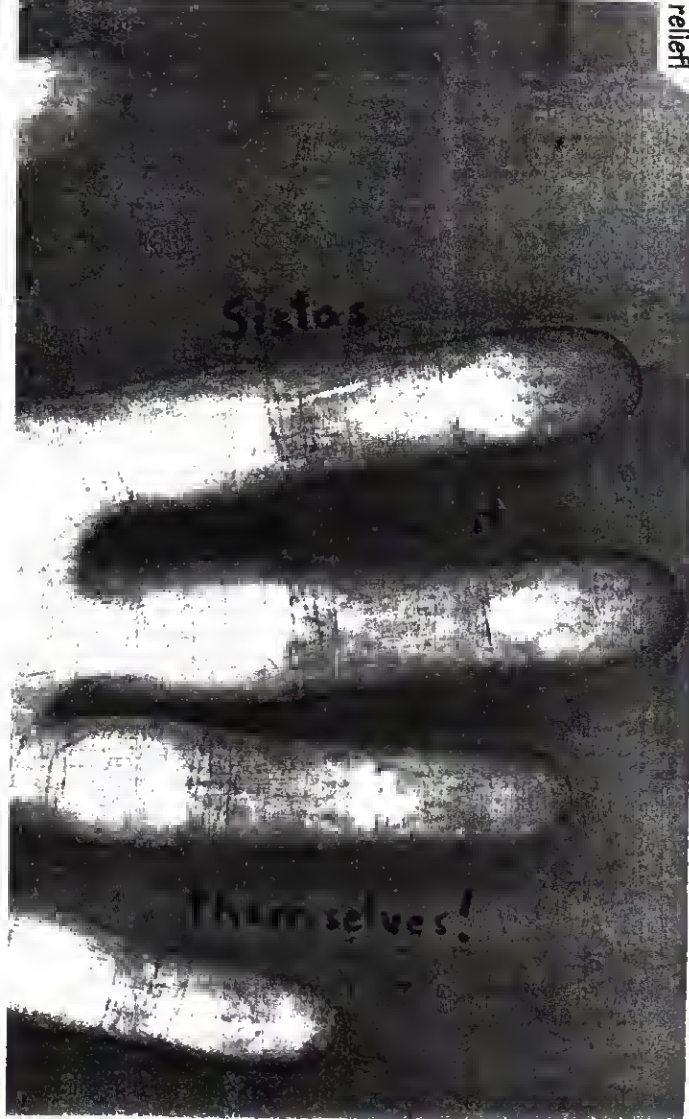
BE CAREFUL If you gather up enough courage to order a toy online and have it delivered to your home- especially if you live with your parents - or your work address. A lady told me a story about how the place she ordered her toy from assured her that the packaging would be discreet...the vibrator arrived in a clear plastic bag with a note from the post office apologizing they had lost the original packaging.

My family still doesn't like the idea of vibrators or any pleasure enhancing devices. Even instructional videos are not acceptable. I find this odd since, growing up, personal development was always encouraged in my house. I think it might have to do with the fact that I am not married with children. I can't help but borrow that line from the movie "Cats and Dogs" Jeninne Garafalo's character says, "This is the electronic age you know. One can survive."

Being a bisexual woman, I definitely notice a difference between my male and female partners and how they feel about vibrators. Many males don't really want to use them on themselves or me. They don't have a lot of experience using them. Some admitted that they want to know they can satisfy me without one. No male partner I have been with complained when they got to watch me use a vibrator to bring myself to orgasm. My female partners and I compare notes and introduce each other to new items and techniques frequently. Also, depending on the roleplaying at the time, different toys are used.

My personal favourites are the toys you can use in the shower or Jacuzzi.

Whether you chose to use a vibrator or not is up to you. I think, in some instances, it really helps many people learn about their bodies and what sort of stimulation works best. Also, it is a great tool to help yourself chill out after a hectic day and no one is around to massage your feet and back for you. I am grateful that we have access to information where are sexual preferences or questions are not judged. Even though bisexuals have double the chance of getting a date on a Saturday night, it's nice to know that if I go home alone I have more options than the two finger tango to let me go to sleep with a sigh of relief



She's My Lover

She's more than just a mere fantasy
more than a dream designed in my mind
her tips are as soft and as red as rose petals
and her breath is as sweet as honey

she's more than just a vision
I can touch her soft, sun - kissed skin
and run my fingers through
her curls of silky brown

she's more than just a thought
she stands before me and I undress her
slowly
unveiling her delicate skin to my touch
I hear her gasp with excitement
and feel her tremble when I kiss her tips
before I lay her down upon the bed

I know exactly what makes her moan with pleasure
By touching her breasts with my gentle hands
By tracing my fingers delicately over her erect nipples
until I reach the outer edges of her firm, mounds of flesh
soon my touch travels her skin so slightly
down her firm belly

until my hands are between her thighs
Spreading her open much like a flower in full bloom
In order to drink her sweet nectar with my tongue

her body quivers with each tick
her back arches high when she culminates
and her moans of pleasure heighten
until she collapses into her pillow
sighs and then smiles to me in gratitude

when she finishes quivering in bliss
she kisses me
with soft tenderness
and hunger.

she wants to please me
like I've pleased her
so I permit her
she knows my body so well
for she's a woman just like me
she knows what I like and just how to touch
she knows how to love and exactly where to taste
she's more than just a fantasy
she's my lover

Poetry by Mia Jennings

The scent of the woman lures me in
Her lips of satin tempt me
Her every move, grace and beauty
Her spirit burns a fire deep within
She whispers, "Submit to me completely."
"Yes mistress, "my reply begins."
"I'm your canvass, use my skin."
Now her whip snaps with artistry
Pain and pleasure dance inside so poignant
Oh- the sensation of sweet sin!

My eyes looked out, beyond the fence
A vision so beautiful to see
A flame of fire between my thighs I sensed
Her eyes of blue stared back at me
She radiated a glow - a soft loveliness
While removing her black-lace dress
She stood unveiled, naked, tempting me
To join her beyond the tall, wood fence
My heart beat quick, my chest felt tight
Uncertain was I to be her lover
I wanted to taste her soul that night
To trace my tongue upon her
And so I journeyed beyond the fence
To join her for more than a cup of tea
To proclaim my bi-sexuality
To feed my desire, my deepest sense
To kiss her on the lips so sweetly

...entirely inner. ☎56931
 t, scintillating, slender,
 writer, likes books,
 edles, cats & fun single
 ☎553376
 For net women vertically
 M for full figured vertically
 femme fatale, adorn tall,
 sed, for living, laughing and
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 WF 37 seeks a self-driven
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He said I'm so sorry.
She said I'm so horny.
I said I'm so confused.

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Love Poems
by Cheryl Dobinson

His and Hers

He Does Everything But Look At Me

We had a long distance relationship at first
were pulled by aching & anticipation, craving each other over the phone
the months punctuated by fleeting delicious periods together.

Now we live in the same city, in the same apartment even
but repeatedly find ourselves unable to share a bed.

Tonight he has locked himself in the bathroom,
immersed solo in what was supposed to be our post-sex both,
and I realize that I don't know what to do, have no idea of all.

Each time I try
he does everything but look at me.

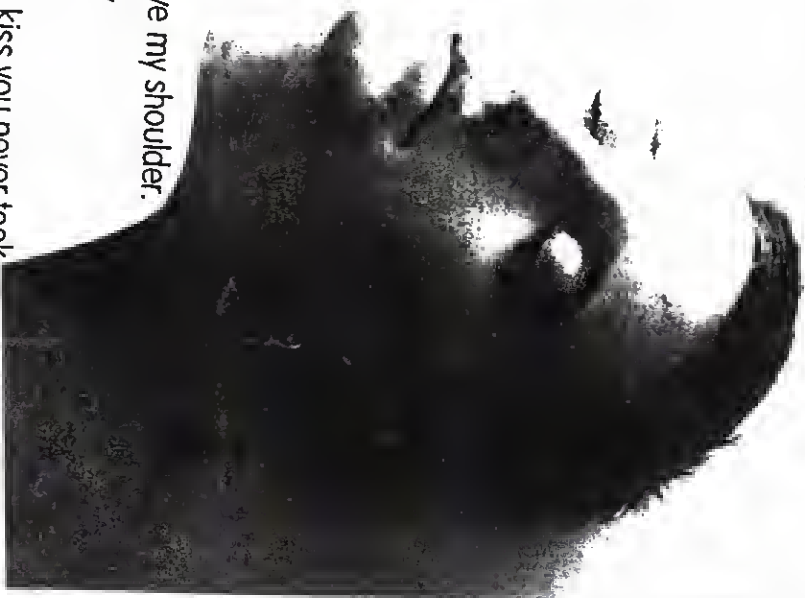
Long After

I remember the night we almost kissed,
in the women's washroom of a restaurant
in a suburban Ottawa mall.

Waiting in line, both gently drunk,
you leaned close in the tight space,
right hand pressed against the cool tile wall above my shoulder.
Not quite touching, our breath and eyes meeting.

you said you would miss me
when I left this place we had fled to together.

Then you shifted forward, ever so slightly, into the kiss you never took,
which waited for you on my lips
long after that moment.



PTOLEMY'S ALMAGEST

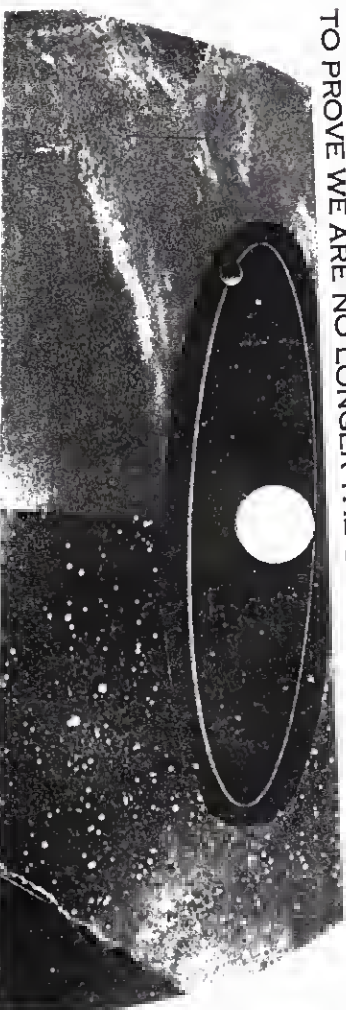
WE WANDER MINDFULLY UNDER GEOCENTRIC EXPLANATION
CAREFULLY POSITIONED BY CALCULATIONS OF EPICYCLE AND DEFERENT
APPROACH - CIRCLE UPON CIRCLE - RETREAT - RETURN
WORKING SMOOTHLY DESPITE OCCASIONAL RETROGRADE MOTION

UNTIL GROWING COSMIC MISALIGNMENT & CREEPING INCONSISTENCIES
MULTIPLY WITH THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF TIME
AND OUR OBSERVED MOTION FAILS TO FIT THE SYSTEM WE BUILT TO

UNDERSTAND IT
OUR PATHS DON'T CROSS AT THE APPOINTED TIMES
ERRORS AND FRUSTRATION FLOURISH

GRADUAL NERVES DRAW YOUR ANGULAR RESOLUTION TO MY SPHERICAL
ABERRATION
INTO A FUSED NEON ASH UNIVERSE
VIBRANT SHELLS BURN, SPEWING SATELLITES AMONG THE YOUNGER CLUSTERS

DISCREDITED AND UNCERTAIN, WE WAIT FOR A GALILEAN PHASIC TRUTH
LIKE FINDING THE SUN-CENTRE
(OR OTHER EQUALLY DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES)
TO PROVE WE ARE NO LONGER THE CONFIDENT CORE OF THE UNIVERSE.



A birthday party-
Celebrate new beginnings
try to forget her.

Let's listen to jazz.
Tell me what you hear with me
Alone in the park?



Clit Lit - June 3, 2002

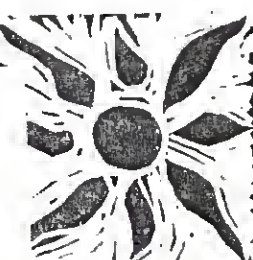
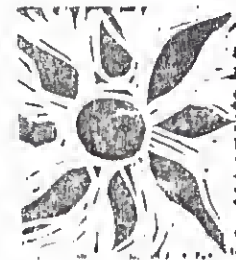
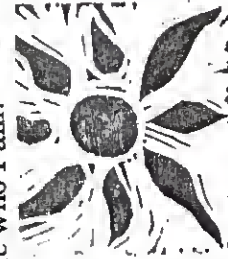
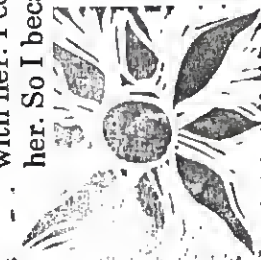
I read the poem "Long After" at the bisexuality themed night of Clit Lit this summer.

Exactly 10 days after reading this poem at Clit Lit, the first time it's ever been read, in my voice, or at all, in public, the woman the poem is about showed up on Church St. I feel like reading it, saying the words out loud, conjured her back into my life. Called her back to me.

I was having a drink with a friend at Slack Alice, and we noticed each other as she was walking by. A glance, and another, then sustained eye contact confirming that we were indeed who the other thought we were. She came in and we talked for maybe 10 minutes. I haven't had any contact with her for over 4 years. After our intense non-relationship we gradually drifted apart. But here she was again, 4 years later, talking to me. She looked the same enough to recognize her, but different enough that it felt odd. She was thinner, leaner, and yes, older. I have longer hair now and have gained some weight, so I look different too. Much more femme, which I'm sure is disappointing to her.

When she was in my life, when we lived together, that was my only experience of being a Kinsey 6, a pure lesbian. Everything since then has been backsliding and it hasn't seemed to impress her one bit. I wonder if she thinks that I'm not strong enough to be a dyke without her.

I know that's not true. I feel stronger, more confident and comfortable with myself than I did when we were 'together'. I'm more my own person and less modelled in her image. She was my last real role model. At 21, maybe my final step to adulthood was through that time in my life and my relationship with her. I couldn't stay who she wanted me to be. I couldn't do it even for her. So I became who I am.

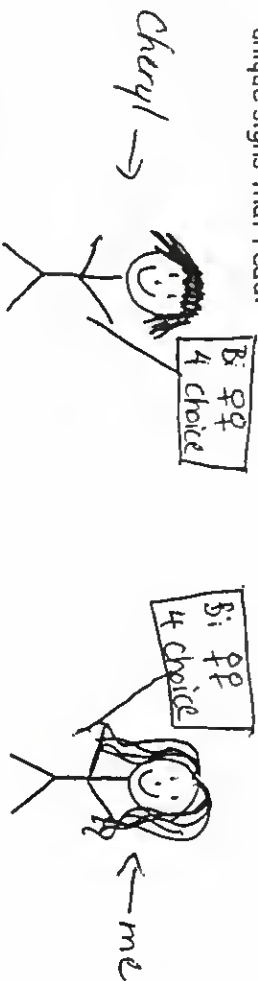


july 26, 2002

in the midst of world youth days (far it seemed endless, and certainly constituted more than one day), there was a grand-scale performance of the stations of the cross. this was a huge display of catholicism and, with all the media coverage, yet another huge opportunity for the catholic propaganda machine to let loose.

so some people decided to stage a counter-performance. organized by members of the ontario coalition of abortion clinics, cheryl (another sexy bi chyk) and i left one world at church and wellesley and entered another very eerie one at university ave. there was a strong hush despite the presence of thousands who were awaiting the arrival of the 25 year old playing jesus and his cohorts. people were standing, sitting, praying, prostrate on the ground. all cheryl and i wanted to do was get across university to meet up with our own kind. i felt myself growing increasingly pissed off at the people around me, people who tell me that it's wrong to love a woman and that, should i ever become pregnant, i have no right to a choice. of course, i do recognise that there are dissidents from the party line within the catholic community, but they are a minority. so, the anger.

we finally found the others. we numbered about 40. cheryl and i had made fantastically unique signs that read:



(ok, so we didn't have much time between work + the demo to come up w/ a masterpiece)

in our exuberance, cheryl and i held up our signs to a passing contingent. we were soon admonished by the organisers for jumping the gun (they were actually very nice about it; i just felt kind of dumb for not having listened carefully to their instructions). it was good to be with other social justice types, immersed as we were in a sea of catholics. as the performers approached our spot, as they arrived at the station that we were at, we all held up our respective signs in silent protest.

10.

morning

morning burns slowly into my consciousness
(no money yet for blinds so the window is bare.
brightness penetrating my closed eyelids,
temperature rising until my body steams awake
dreams of sex, of masturbation, of sexual heat come more often
and i stir finally in a state of desire
finding myself alone and untouched
on a weekday morning with only the sun



BI-UNCENSORED

THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE AT BI-UNCENSORED WILL RECALL THAT MARGARET LED US THROUGH AN EXERCISE TO SHOUT OUT ANYTHING WE COULD THINK OF IN RELATION TO BISEXUALITY. HERE IS A FULL LIST OF ALL THE STUFF THAT WENT ON THE BLACKBOARD.

NO I DON'T WANT TO FUCK EVERYTHING THAT MOVES
IN SOME CULTURES A BI PERSON COULD BE A PRIEST
DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO CHEAT ON YOU
LIVING A BOTH/AND LIFE IN AN EITHER/OR WORLD
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE 50/50

WE LOOK JUST LIKE YOU
IT'S COMFORTABLE
DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN I'M GREAT IN BED
TRENDY BISEXUALITY ALSO DISRUPT MONOSEXISM
BI IS REAL

IT'S NOT JUST A PHASE
THERE'S MORE OF US THAN YOU THINK
WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PART OF THE GAY COMMUNITY
IT DEFIES DEFINITION

WHO I'M WITH DOESN'T DEFINE WHO I AM
I DON'T HAVE TO CHOOSE
GIRLS & BOYS ARE PRETTY
GIRLS & GIRLS ARE PRETTY
BOYS & BOYS ARE PRETTY
PEOPLE WHO ARE NEITHER BOYS NOR GIRLS ARE PRETTY

NO YOU CAN'T WATCH
BISXUALITY DOESN'T MEAN JUST TWO
I'M BI YOU'RE CONFUSED

GENDER IS A SEX TOY
ANTHROSEXUAL
AMBISEXTROUS

SOME PEOPLE CALL IT BISEXUALITY, SOME CALL IT GENDER BLIND



If you can't trust
me with a choice,
me with a baby?

WE'LL NEVER
go back!

PRO-GAY
PRO-SEX
PRO-CHOICE

the cops parked their bicycles in front of us and stood there, attempting to block us from the t.v. cameras. it worked because, as far as i know, there was no media coverage of our demo. or they just weren't interested due to our relatively low numbers.

as the prayer ended and the performers moved on, we started chanting.

Not the church, not the state
♀♂ must decide our fate

there was a lot of energy in our small group and i felt very connected with the other women and men. across the road, signs of aborted fetuses were raised in counter-protest. all around us, people were booing and closing in on us while chanting, "jp 2, we love you." someone held a statue of mary precariously over our heads. to absolve us of sin? to guide us to the "true" path? to silence us by dropping it on our heads? (they didn't). it was pretty scary and threatening as they pressed in upon us. but we stuck together and kept up our chants until we decided that we had sent our message.

we walked together south on university and then cheryl and i made our way back to the world where we feel at home.

Text + Pics by Sara Copley

Free, Safe, Legal Abortion
Challenge the church!

Sticker from Protest →

the land between
to limn the edges with darkness
stray beyond the end of
the known world

here

where crossroads and boundary
are one
who do you love?

if you dip your hands in water
trickling down
fingers and wrists
wet your lips with what's in your palms
is water diminished?

when you stand between day
and night and look to the morning and
evening star
to guide you
past your own horizons
do you love day or night better?

or do you love both, and the land between?

the center is everywhere
no space between man
and woman
each heart at the center
my heart at the center
the edge and the center are one
in love with both
crossing the borderlands

my feet in the land between

B a s i

At age 23 Craig and I moved to Toronto. I started to identify more as queer - not specifically lesbian or bisexual. I found a community here that was more accepting of diversity, and I found more strength of my own as well. In Toronto, for the first time in many years, I became involved with a new male lover. I started to feel more attracted to men again, but not interested in dating them or having an emotional relationship. I tried to find women to date, but my first year in Toronto yielded one one-night-stand with a woman. I was not doing well in the girlfriend department. This was a time of transition between my queer but mainly lesbian identity to my queer bisexual identity.

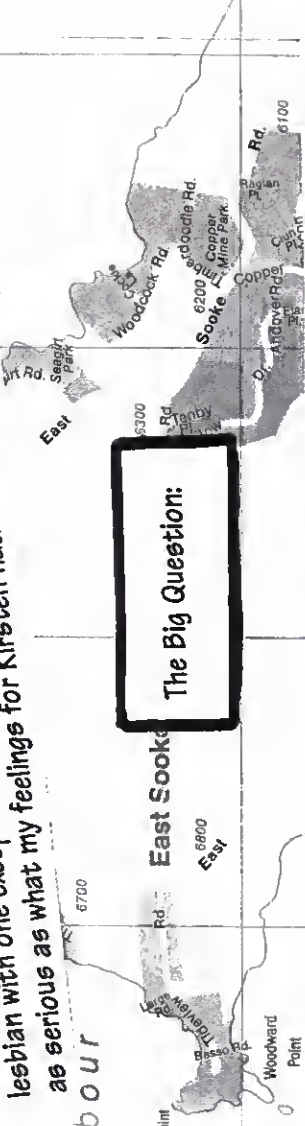
In 1997, I met a man at Pride, and the last thread holding me to my lesbian identity broke. I found myself capable of and interested in a new relationship with a man, a partnership, something not just sexual. After 3 tenuous years of staking my claim to a lesbian identity, I finally found that it could no longer hold me. Following this realization, I struggled a lot to come to terms with a bisexual identity. I wrote an article about it for *Horizons*, outlining all my issues and concerns b/c it still didn't feel quite right. I used the word b/c I felt it was accurate, but it wasn't totally comfortable. I took time to accept that I could feel discomfort with the label, that it didn't have to feel perfect and that it wasn't some flaw in me. My new relationship was over in 2 years, but my bisexuality was still with me.

I was still single the summer two years ago that I came to *Bisexuality Unplugged 2*. I spotted the listing in *NOW* and came on my own to hear people's stories. I saw the diversity and sheer number of bi people present and I knew I had come to the right place. The next month I nervously made my way to a Bisexual Women of Toronto meeting. I was excited to meet other bi women and to be part of a group where being bi was the norm for queerness and not the exception. I didn't have to explain myself or justify my interest in men. I had found a place in the queer community for women like me. Being bisexual finally felt like a good thing.

I made many new friends, and eventually began participating in Toronto Bisexual Network events where I met my wonderful partner Anthony. So now in some ways I'm back where I began - in an opposite sex relationship. The difference is that I feel free and confident to be myself as a bisexual woman. Even if I keep the same sexual identity for the rest of my life I'm sure that the specifics of my sexuality will keep changing - my attractions, my desires, my fantasies. I feel very fluid, so I go with my flow and accept it. But I'm in a good place. My journey had brought me here.

So I moved to Ottawa with Kirsten and enjoyed my few months of pure lesbianism.

Our relationship wasn't sexual, though I longed for it to be, but I was in love with her and we were a couple in every other way. This was all shattered when she got a job offer in the north, leaving me alone. With no reason to stay in Ottawa I moved back to Calgary in the fall to finish school. I moved back in with Craig - it was what I knew, it was what I could afford, and I still cared for him in spite of my lesbian identity. We had sex occasionally, and lived in a pseudo-relationship, with me considering myself lesbian with one exception. I had a few girlfriends as well during this time, but nothing as serious as what my feelings for Kirsten had been.



The Big Question:

- So why didn't I identify as bisexual at this time? There were a number of different reasons all at play:
- I felt a strong attachment to the lesbian identity I had so recently claimed and the community of women that it brought.
 - I felt my sexual and romantic interest was about 95% directed towards women and only 5% towards men, and one specific man only
 - bisexual didn't feel like much of an option in Calgary's dyke world, and I knew only a few bi women.
 - I heard biphobic remarks from lesbian friends about them not wanting to date bi women, or about bisexuality not being a 'real' sexual identity, not existing
 - It was easier, more common and accepted in that community to be a lesbian who sometimes slept with men. Both girlfriends I had there considered themselves lesbian but had occasional encounters with men in between their relationships with women
 - In that community, being bisexual meant something different and negative compared to being a lesbian who slept with men. Occasional sex with men was less important and relevant than using the term "lesbian" as a primary identifier. Making 'women' one's clear priority and taking a political stance as a lesbian were key.

Sooke

touch

oh let me touch you
hold you
breast to round breast
heart to warm heart
lip to soft lip
hold you like angels
kiss you like demons wild to tempt
warm in my arms
like lying with lions
tracing your throat
your collar
your neck

oh let me touch
your leaf soft skin
your long warm back
the silk of your shirt
and your lips
line of your waist
curve of your hips

oh let me hold you
embrace you
caress you
legs touching legs
arms within arms
close as a breath to a word
close as a mind to a thought
close as a leaf to the wind

Erynn Rowan Laurie is a professional madwoman living in Seattle. Disabled veteran, poet, writer, ritualist, musician and performance artist, she does volunteer work with the Multifaith Alliance of Reconciling Communities, an interfaith GLBT organization. She's currently encouraging the Seattle Veterans Administration medical system to provide mental health support tailored to the needs of GB veterans.

A Journey to Bisexuality - by Cheryl Dobinson

(This is a talk I gave this summer at Bisexuality Uncensored, an educational event put on during Pride by various bisexual groups in Toronto.)

Tonight marks a fitting anniversary - 2 years ago I first found out about Toronto's bisexual community at their Pride educational event "Bisexuality Unplugged 2". I came alone, listened to the excellent speakers, and vowed to attend the next meeting of the Bisexual Women of Toronto. Two years of involvement later, I'm here telling my story instead of sitting by myself in the audience!

I'm here tonight to talk a bit about my own journey through the complicated terrain of sexual identity. The short version is that over the 15 years I've been sexual, I've gone from heterosexual, to bisexual, to lesbian and then back to bisexual. So needless to say I'm a strong believer in the potential fluidity of sexuality and identity!

And now, for the slightly longer version of my story:

When I was growing up, by the time I reached an age where I felt attraction and sexual interest (12/13) it was towards boys and men. In my teen years I had a number of heterosexual relationships and moved in with a boyfriend when I was 17.

Just after finishing high school, when I was 18, I started to feel some desire towards women and for a specific woman friend of mine. I answered a bi-curious personal ad in the Red Deer Advocate (!) but never got a response. My boyfriend knew, and he was the only one I talked to about it for a long time. He was very supportive, and didn't eroticize my interest or expect to be involved. (We were already nonmonogamous in terms of me having a sexual relationship with another man.)

After having no luck with answering the personal ad, I decided to talk to the female friend I was attracted to. I don't remember how I managed to bring it up, but it turned out that she was attracted to me too, so maybe we were both involved in taking the conversation there. Nothing ever happened beyond some very sexually charged sleepovers, snuggling and bathing together. It was frustrating, but I think neither of us knew what to do or how to initiate. She also had a boyfriend but she didn't think he would feel the same way as mine did.

When I was 20 I moved to Calgary for university. Through the women's centre and women's studies courses I met lesbians for the first time! (And a few bi women). I became good friends with one woman, Kirsten, and over a few months I found myself intensely attracted to her, more than I'd felt for any woman in the past. I was still

with Craig, and I began to identify more strongly as bisexual. I still didn't talk to anyone but him about it. We were supposed to be getting married the following summer, but for a number of reasons - my growing feelings for Kirsten being one of them - we called it off.

This decision, although very difficult, was also profoundly freeing. I suddenly looked at my life in a different way. I was no longer planning on marriage and children, and I found there were an enormous range of choices and options available to me that I had never let myself consider before.

Within a week of cancelling the wedding I had sex with a woman for the first time in my life. Much to my surprise, it wasn't Kirsten, but another woman I met in a women's studies course. We were up late one night working on a project, and when she offered to let me stay at her place rather than take the bus home, I knew what was about to happen. And it did, and it was wonderful! But I couldn't sleep at all that night, even after she was snoring beside me. I was filled with anxiety and confusion about what it meant for me to have finally experienced sex with a woman. By the next day I felt that I would never want to have sex with a man again.

Two terrible months followed. I was still living with Craig, sharing a bed, but not at all interested in sex. I decided I was a lesbian and was going to move out when the school year ended and go to Ottawa with Kirsten. I still cared for Craig very much but I didn't feel any sexual interest and I definitely needed some space.

Before leaving Calgary I came out to all my friends as lesbian. All but one responded positively to my revelation. Although it was a hard time, I felt a great sense of freedom at knowing that I didn't have to worry any more about whether men found me attractive or not. Their opinions on me were irrelevant and the feeling was immensely liberating.

Road Report

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